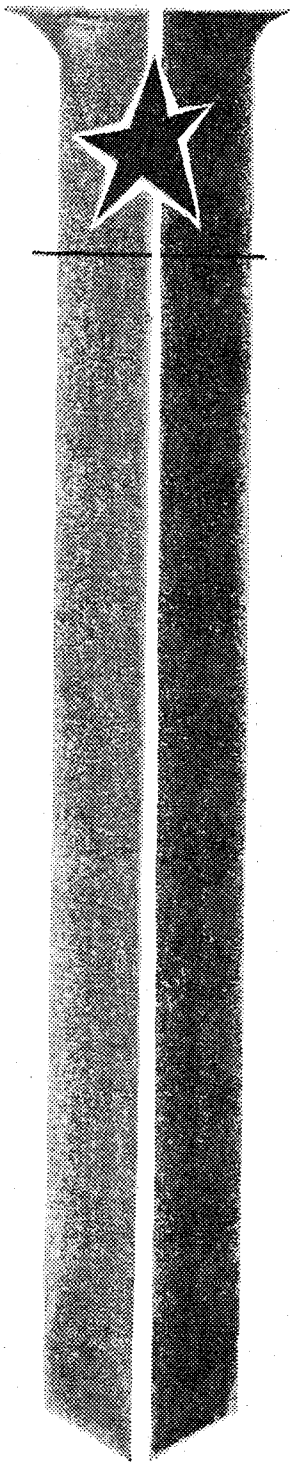
THE NATION

JULY 9, 1960 . . 25c



'PROS' AND PROGRESSIVES

A Defense of the Democratic Party

Gov. G. Mennen Williams

The Big Fight:

THE RIGHT THAT FAILED

Roger Kahn

NO PLACE TO BOLT

Quandary of the Southern Democrats

George McMillan

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LETTERS

Mr. Mills's Balance

Dear Sirs: In his article, "The Balance of Blame," in your June 18 issue, Professor Mills seems to me to combine a most courageous independence of thought with a great insight into the reactions of the Russian people and leaders. We need very much the kind of bold analysis which he advances, whether we agree with it in whole, in part, or not at all. It serves to test the views which too often and too glibly are asserted as the last word on Russian-American relations.

MIKE MANSFIELD
U. S. Senator (Montana)
Washington, D.C.

[*Senator Mansfield is Assistant Majority Leader and a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.*]

Dear Sirs: To say I agree with Professor Mills would be an understatement: I have been saying much the same thing in the House of Parliament and the country since I first spoke out in the Defense Debate in March, 1946. I was tossed out of the Labour Party in 1949 for saying this with more valor than discretion, and was re-admitted in February, 1952, because such a large section of the party had already gone over to this point of view. I am now one of the ring leaders of the Left in the Labour Party and believe that, at the next Anuual Conference (early in October), we shall commit the party to a policy of opposing British possession of nuclear weapons, and prohibiting their use from British territory (which means clearing out the American bases, as well as applying the principle to NATO, CENTO and SEATO).

It is in this context that I want to say how important I believe it is that views such as those of Professor Mills should be argued so ably and lucidly in your columns.

Over here it has become almost a truism to say that the Soviet leaders and people do not want war and are thinking in terms of the economic and social successes of communism's making an irresistible appeal to the workers of the world. Those views keep cropping up even in the Conservative press and the speeches of Conservative politicians —not least Mr. Macmillan's speech when he was in Moscow in February, 1959. But even those who say that, go on insisting that we must continue to pin our faith on nuclear deterrence, continue the arms race and remain in NATO on the basis of the United States' running the show.

The only thing that will shift them is the rising popular revolt against the inordinate expense and danger to life of this policy, as well as its total futility and superfluity. In short, I believe that Profesor Mills's admirable proposal for a measure of unilateral disarmament by the United States, and other steps leading to a policy of negotiation for peaceful coexistence, will remain a proposal on paper, until such time as direct action by the peoples of America's Allies has gone much further than today in wrecking the policies being pursued at present.

K. ZILLIACUS
London

[*K. Zilliacus, M.P., is one of the leaders of the Left faction of the British Labour Party.*]

Dear Sirs: I think everybody should be grateful to Mr. Mills for his objective and earnest reading of the present international situation. Although I know from his recent writings that he is not very optimistic about the capacity of the American elite to draw the necessary conclusions from the inevitable reappraisal of U.S. foreign policy imposed by recent events, it is my personal opinion that greater trust should be placed in the capacity of American public opinion to take a fresh look at the international situation and to act accordingly.

As a European, I would like to emphasize at this point that in Western Europe—with the single exception of Great Britain—the dangers of the atomic stalemate are not as deeply felt as they are among some sections of Americans. In this respect, I think a major effort should be made by both American and European liberals to keep European public opinion objectively informed about those forces in the United States that are actively seeking a new approach to world problems.

If it is true that the European working classes are looking with growing faith to the "coexistence policy" of Mr. Khrushchev, it is also true that Western European ruling classes feel headless now that the American elite appears to have failed. This makes it all the more necessary that the "other side of America," so authoritatively represented by people like C. Wright Mills, be brought into focus for Europeans.

GIANFRANCO CORSINI
Rome

[*Mr. Corsini is foreign editor of* Paese Sera, *Rome's biggest evening daily, and the author* of America Allo Specchio (America Through the Looking Glass), *a survey of "new trends" in American public opinion.*]

Students Need Help

Dear Sirs: As you know, sixty-two of the sixty-three students arrested at the hearings of the Un-American Activities Committee in San Francisco have been acquitted. The provision that these students sign a waiver of their right to sue the city for damages to person and

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1960
VOLUME 191, No. 2

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

To *Nation* Readers

***The Nation* is on its alternate week summer schedule. The next issue will be dated July 23.**

Pugnacity Versus Platitudes

The U-2 incident doomed the Geneva ten-nation disarmament conference as surely as it doomed the Summit. Four weeks ago Frederick Kuh, the prescient Washington correspondent, remarked in these columns (*The Nation*, June 11, p. 506):

> . . . One of the tragic results of the Big Four meeting is that the ten-nation gathering seems condemned to sluggish polemics. . . . The conference will probably continue into July or August, when the delegates will throw the whole issue back to the . . . U.N.

It may be that the conference, when it ended last week with a Russian walk-out, did so more abruptly than any reasonable observer might have anticipated. This has given a lot of Americans an opportunity to call the Russians boorish, insulting and belligerent. But Emily Post's criteria are not the best by which to judge international behavior. The question is not whether the Russians are boorish, but whether they sincerely want disarmament — and whether the United States does, as well. And on this fundamental point, nothing basic has changed. As late as May 6, after the U-2 was downed but before the President assumed responsibility for the flights and Secretary Herter intimated that they would be continued, Mr. Khrushchev was telling his Soviet colleagues that he entertained high hopes for progress in the "difficult and complex" problem of disarmament. His hopes, be it noted, were quite probably based on urgent domestic considerations, among others. The Soviet Union, with about half of our Gross National Product and one-quarter of our consumer income, is nevertheless spending about as much as we are on armaments. Again, the Russians may be boors, but they are not crazy. For them, economics represents a relentless and continuing pressure in favor of disarmament; for the United States, unfortunately, it represents a pressure in the reverse direction.

So now the problem goes back to the U.N. One could argue persuasively that it should never have left there. There are seventy-two member nations who are at least as interested in the question as the ten who were engaged in the Geneva parley; indeed, it is safe to say that many of them are more interested. At the U.N., the Soviet Union will be wasting its pugnacity, and the United States will be wasting its platitudes; a good thing on both counts. Moreover, in the hard-boiled atmosphere of the East River, the United States may find it less easy to indulge in its disingenuous cry, every time it is on the receiving end of a jolting diplomatic right to the jaw, that "the enemy has overplayed its hand." A little more such "overplaying," and we will have no jaw left.

In any case, once again there is reason to be grateful that the U.N. exists. If it is true — and it may well be — that the Kremlin is determined to make no agreements with Mr. Eisenhower, where else could the world's most vital debate have been continued?

The Great Tranquilizer

"Eisenhower Wows Seoul," ran the headline, as if the New York *Herald Tribune* were *Variety* and the President of the United States a movie actor. And apparently the President concurs in this view of his office and his function. His report to the nation on his Far Eastern trip was largely devoted to scenes that would gladden the heart of a public entertainer. "I wish that every one of you could have accompanied me to Manila, Taipei and Korea and thus witnessed for yourselves the outpouring of friendship, gratitude and respect for America. . . . That message, expressed in glowing faces, friendly shouts, songs, gaily painted placards and home-made signs, was that they wanted to be partners with the United States." Continuing in this euphoric vein, the President alluded to the "mutual security" treaty concluded between the United States and Japan—a country in which the government did not dare to allow him to set foot—as "a defeat for international communism," while relations with Okinawa, where the Marines had to hold back a hostile crowd, "have been strengthened." Our Allies, the President went on, "have testified to the reborn hope and restored confidence of their peoples." As for the few unpleasantnesses, "We must not fall into the error of blaming ourselves for what the Communists do; after

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all, Communists will act like Communists." And Democrats will act like Democrats.

Alongside this collection of fatuities, *The New York Times* printed a devastating analysis by James Reston which, since the President reads the papers only on weekends, will not disturb his equanimity. The President, said Reston, has devised a simple procedure for dealing with his critics and defeats: "He simply ignores the critics and claims victories." He feels no responsibility for setbacks and purposes to carry on as before. This may be smart politics: the public would rather be told that all is well than that we are heading for disaster. Only, Reston points out, it isn't democracy, which the President claims to be selling to the world: "Democracies cannot operate efficiently when their leaders and their public opinion do not come to grips with widely publicized criticism." Senator Fulbright makes the same point: "How can our people be expected to discharge their duty as citizens of a self-governing Republic, if they are not told the truth about their affairs?"

President Ayub Khan of Pakistan doubts that our government machinery is attuned to the requirements of the nuclear age. Our President certainly isn't.

Drums Along the Congo

Men of good will or merely of good discretion will welcome the Congo Republic to the community of nations and will feel relieved if it turns out to be merely an ill-mannered or turbulent member. If the new nation does not plunge into outright anarchy, it will be due to providence and the good sense of the Congolese, and certainly not to the Belgian colonialists, who held on as long as they were able, becoming liberators only when the nationalistic pot boiled over. It would be interesting to know what alternative solution, if any, is proposed by the lovers of order who deplore the tribalism, barbarism, racism and even cannibalism of some of the Congolese. Another fifty-one years of Belgian rule, starting with the chopping off of hands of natives who failed to bring in the amount of rubber Leopold II had decreed, and ending with a country of 14 million which possesses, according to one account, a total of sixteen college graduates and, according to another, less than a dozen? Whatever trouble the Congolese now make for the West can scarcely weigh against the trouble the West, represented by Belgium, a highly civilized European power, has prepared for the Congolese. Just as Mussolini built good roads and hospitals in his African colonies, just as the Japanese developed the economy of Korea, the Belgians introduced health services, britches and some primary school education in the Congo. But there was a fatal flaw in their ministrations. Not a single native was educated as a physician, lawyer, engineer or administrator, either in industry or government, and whatever investment was made in the Congo, whether in industry or social services, came from the colony itself. The Belgians were always careful to take out more than they put in. The outlook in the Congo is somber. We may as well reconcile ourselves to the fact that the white man is on probation in the newly emerging nations of Africa, and years of good behavior will be required before he is trusted. Individuals may be unjustly treated, but the forces which have been set in motion take little account of individuals. As for the larger political aspects, if the Congolese choose only to be neutralists, the West may account itself perhaps more fortunate than it deserves.

Mr. Luce's Cold War

Henry R. Luce, the nation's leading opinion-molder, and David Sarnoff, its leading electronics entrepreneur, are also leaders in the drive to step up the cold war. They were exhorting their fellow countrymen to renewed sacrifice long before the U-2 incident. Mr. Luce proposes a formal declaration, perhaps by Senate resolution, that the nation means to win the cold war expeditiously and at any cost. He told the Senate Subcommittee on National Policy Machinery that he did not consider peaceful existence with the Soviet Union and Red China a practical political possibility. Consequently, the United States should gird its loins, or whatever one girds in an era of nuclear war. Mr. Luce warned that, since under the new dispensation the Soviet Union will be rapidly losing the cold war, there is an "enormous risk" that it will start a shooting war.

As a corollary, Mr. Luce called for a major federal fall-out shelter program and a diplomatic drive to extend the rule of international law, as construed by American international lawyers, to a turbulent world. Asked by Senator Henry M. Jackson, chairman of the investigative body, whether he approved the Senate's recent action in increasing the defense appropriation bill by one billion dollars, Mr. Luce astonished no one by saying, "I wish it were two billions."

Although Mr. Luce's views are not startling, some puzzling questions remain. On the one hand, here is the President of the United States assuring us that, despite all minor setbacks, we are winning the cold war, albeit rather slowly. And here is Mr. Luce, whose sources of information are almost as good as the President's, telling us that we are losing. But neither tells us in concrete terms, or for that matter in any terms at all, what our objectives are in our present cold war, much less in Mr. Luce's projected one. How, when by God's grace victory is achieved, shall we recognize it? The only guidance Mr. Luce gives us is negative — that a cold war victory would not necessarily be one that would overthrow Communist regimes. But in the next

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breath he says that a weakening of Communist drive might bring internal changes of such magnitude as to "involve the greatest foreseeable risk of total war," and it is hardly likely that the Communists would plunge into Armageddon for anything less than a serious threat to the future of their system. A Senate resolution, which Mr. Luce suggests as the initial instrument for his project, surely would not provoke them to extreme measures, since Estonia, Lithuania, Hungary, etc., have been freed from domination by Congressional resolution in the past with only a few curses from the Soviet side. Does Mr. Luce really believe that anything short of the extirpation of communism can make the world safe for his brand of capitalism? If so, what is his prescription for victory? We wish Mr. Luce would lay it on the line.

Drive Carefully: We Love Our Children

In 1884, when John Hertz was five years old, his parents emigrated from Austria to Chicago with him and his five brothers and sisters. John Hertz sold newspapers on the street. He became a copy boy on a Chicago paper, later a sports reporter. Out of a job, he turned to selling automobiles. There were as yet no taxicabs. Mr. Hertz and some associates founded the Yellow Cab Company and, subsequently, the Hertz Drive-Ur-Self company. In 1934, having disposed of his interests, Mr. Hertz joined the investment banking firm of Lehman Brothers and has since devoted himself largely to banking and breeding race horses.

"Where else in the whole world," asks Mr. Hertz, "could such things happen? Only in America." He looked around for some way of repaying his debt. "You can imagine my shock," he says, "in reading one day that Russia, which I had always thought of as a backward country, was developing engineers at twice the rate of our country." So Mr. Hertz and his wife established the Hertz Engineering Scholarship Foundation in association with Dr. Edward Teller, the father of the hydrogen bomb; financier Floyd B. Odlum; George Allen, the friend of Presidents; and other patriotic men and women. The foundation is presently conducting a pilot plan in the San Francisco area which assists qualified high school "awardees" to embark on scientific and engineering careers. The program is under the personal direction of Dr. Teller and Dr. Harold Spears, Superintendent of Schools of San Francisco. Ability in science may be detected very early, Dr. Spears has found. Two years ago the second grade in one of the elementary schools had a spelling lesson. The children were asked to write sentences using the words *more, tall, pet, clean, community, helps, jumped.* A seven-year-old named Kenneth wrote the following sentences:

1. We need *more* ICBMs and IRBMs because Russia is ahead of us in equipment.
2. We are developing a super transport with a tail as *tall* as a three-story building.
3. The first Russian satellite to be sent up was called Sputnik I, the second satellite had a *pet* dog in it.
4. Technicians *clean* ICBMs because they want everything to be right inside the ICBM.
5. In the *community* there are many all-weather interceptors stationed.
6. The Navy *helps* the Army in putting the IRBM into production.
7. The Russians sent up a satellite with a man in it. The man inside the satellite *jumped* out with a parachute on.

"A few weeks ago," Dr. Spears reports, "I met Kenneth again in his classroom, still following his scientific interests far beyond his classmates and receiving the encouragement of helpful teachers in his search." Obviously Kenneth is well on his way to inventing a super-bomb even more devastating than Dr. Teller's, and then Mr. Hertz's debt will have been paid.

Political Cosmetician

This summer, as in 1952 and 1956, the Westinghouse Electric Corporation will sponsor the CBS coverage of the national conventions, the election campaigns and the election-night returns.

In anticipation of this heavy investment in good-will advertising, Westinghouse sent a questionnaire to twenty-eight professors of political science in as many American colleges and universities, seeking to elicit a consensus on the informational value of such coverage. The results are considerably less than an enthusiastic endorsement of TV, and Westinghouse shows courage beyond normal corporate practice in releasing them.

The professorial votes are mixed, but the trend is clear: teachers interested in the mechanics and techniques of political power find that their students gain some familiarity with these matters by watching the TV reports; teachers interested in issues and policy find that these are lost in the cult of personality and the razzle dazzle of political showmanship. There is strong condemnation of the Robert Montgomery kind of adviser, who serves as a cosmetic power behind the camera; and it is generally agreed that an odd-looking duck like Lincoln would stand no chance today and that Washington would at least have to get a new set of teeth.

Westinghouse will go ahead with its plans because a national election is supposed to be America's most popular show, but their release gives the impression that they wish there were some more useful way to spend the money. A plaintive irony runs through the comments: we are being offered bread and circuses on a scale unparalleled in history, but the loaf is stale and the acts are depressing. Is it now far too late to investigate the excitement that is allegedly inherent in ideas and ideals?

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A DEFENSE OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

'PROS' AND PROGRESSIVES . .

by G. Mennen Williams

IT SEEMS to be an axiom of political journalism in America that Presidential elections should be preceded by a spate of articles asserting: The difference between the parties is the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee—and there is too much twaddle in both parties, anyway.

Thus, one historian ascribes Lincoln's commitment to freedom in the territories not to any ideological orientation, but rather to the fact that he had to satisfy "conservative Whigs like himself, abolitionists whom he regarded as a radical nuisance, Middle-Western Germans who distrusted Know-Nothings, and Know-Nothings who distrusted immigrants."

Despite the continuous cry that each party is nothing more than a potpourri of politicians selected at random, the quadrennial political scientist will usually concede that were things *as they should be,* the Democratic Party would be the party of the liberals. This year is no exception. Robert Spivack, writing recently in *The Nation* ("Bourbons, Bosses and Brokers," April 30 issue), had this to say:

> . . . The Democratic Party is not a national party at all, but esentially a collection of powerful, local-interest and special-interest parties, with no common philosophy. . . . The key to understanding the Democratic Party is to understand the way Lyndon Johnson operates in the U.S. Senate.

And writing in *The Progressive,* the editor of the New York *Post* opined: "In recent years, 'compromise' has become almost an end in itself, and it is the liberal who is deemed extremist when he voices any strength of conviction." He warned:

> . . . The moment is approaching for a full-scale reappraisal of whether the present political divisions of the country make any sense, and whether there can be any great liberal revival as long as liberalism remains essentially wedded to that divided house called the Democratic Party.

Perhaps one reason for the public confusion regarding the ideology of today's Democratic Party is the cornucopia of candidates who entered the race prior to the convention. The plethora of would-be Presidents seems to have created a presumption among the commentators that where there is so much quantity there cannot be too much quality. And so there is a tendency not to listen too closely as Democratic candidate after Democratic candidate affirms his belief in precisely the programs advocated by the members of the Fourth Estate who are doing most of the complaining.

This is not the place to debate candidate merits, but I think Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., has done well to remind us of Walter Lippmann's 1932 observations regarding Franklin D. Roosevelt:

> An amiable man with many philanthropic impulses, but he is not the dangerous enemy of anything. He is too eager to please. . . . Franklin D. Roosevelt is no crusader. He is no tribune of the people. He is no enemy of entrenched privilege. He is a pleasant man who, without any important qualifications for the office, would very much like to be President.

Governor Williams

IT IS MY belief that rarely has the Democratic Party been in better ideological shape than it is today. I do not contend that liberalism has completely won the day, that Senator Eastland has been converted by Senator Humphrey or that Senator Johnson's secret candidate for the Presidency is Senator Proxmire. What I do submit is that there is an unmistakable, healthy trend towards programmatic liberalism, and that throughout the party there is a new and exciting concern with issues. We are on the eve of a convention preceded by a series of quiet but significant victories for the liberal forces. Liberals now have a unique chance to characterize the Democratic Party and help determine the destiny of the country for the next decade.

These liberal successes have been largely organizational rather than personal. As a result, they have had little political sex appeal and so the headlines have been few and far apart. Furthermore, many of these events have occurred West of the Hudson and Potomac rivers, and hence outside the traditional news-making capitals. But telling liberal triumphs at the state, regional and national levels may very well have significant repercussions at the coming convention.

At the state level, a new kind of Democrat is emerging. In Maine, New Hampshire, Michigan, North Dakota, Washington, Kansas and other states there have been traveling platform hearings with issues rivaling personalities in the market place of public attention. Increasingly, in these states and in others such as Iowa, California, Wisconsin and Minnesota (with its Democratic Farmer-Labor Party), the kind of "pros" that have power are the *pro*gressives. Fund-raising on a year-round basis, with devices such as sustaining party memberships, and

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G. MENNEN WILLIAMS, Governor of Michigan, has long been one of the liberal voices of the Democratic Party.

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broad-based small contributions, are encouraged, and in turn programmatic participation replaces the old patronage-pillar of party strength. *The Wall Street Journal,* somewhat incredulously, has reported the Michigan self-image (it applies as well to many Democratic organizations throughout the country):

> Michigan Democrats have developed a jargon all their own. They call themselves "Programmatic Democrats," devoted to a liberal program rather than to the mere acquisition of power. They contend they are "issue-oriented" rather than "patronage-oriented." They make no secret that they would like to see the national party embrace this philosophy. The Michiganders have been critical of more traditional "machine" Democrats. . . .

At the regional level, Democrats have been gathering in a series of conferences with far-reaching significance. There was a time when the Democratic Midwest Conference, which represents 458 delegate votes at the national convention, wouldn't touch an issue with a ten-foot pole (unless the equivalent of ten feet of public-opinion polls had first ascertained that it was non-controversial); yet at its gathering in Detroit earlier this year, the representatives of fourteen states sat three days debating foreign policy (with Chester Bowles as chairman), economic growth (with Leon Keyserling as chairman), urban affairs (with Mayor Richard Lee as chairman), and civil rights (with Congressman John Brademas as chairman). The tenor of the conference is illustrated by its civil-rights plank, which pledges "the full use of the power and prestige of the Executive Branch of Government and of the Congress to uphold the Supreme Court" and to

> *1.* Provide effective guarantees of the right to vote in local, state and federal elections.
>
> *2.* Complete desegregation of public schools and all other tax-supported public facilities.
>
> *3.* Eliminate discrimination in housing because of race, religion or national origin.
>
> *4.* Secure to all persons equal and non-segregated access to commercial places of public accommodation.
>
> *5.* Eliminate discrimination in em-

AS FOR THE REPUBLICANS . . .

[*Senator Goldwater, writer of the following letter, is a chief spokesman for the Republican Right, and author of* The Conscience of a Conservative.]

Dear Sirs: It is difficult to comment on Robert Spivack's article, "How Modern is Republicanism?" [*The Nation*, June 18], because Mr. Spivack obviously doesn't understand the basic tenets of the Republican Party. This is not an unusual situation, nor should it be considered derogatory to Mr. Spivack. It seems to be a common failing among most of the writers who grew up during the one-party days of Roosevelt and Truman.

First, Mr. Spivack assumes that in order for the Republican Party to be successful, it must achieve that success through a "sizable group of intellectuals." I don't think either party has a corner on intellectuals. I think intellectuals choose their party with the same discretion as non-intellectuals.

A bit further along, Mr. Spivack asks: "How deep is Goldwaterism? And what does it portend for the future of the GOP?" That is the end of any discussion of my Republican philosophy. What he has done here is to resort to a word — "Goldwaterism" — hoping that, without explanation, it will mean something to the general public. I stated in the preface of my book, *The Conscience of a Conservative,* that "this book is not written with the idea of adding to, or improving on, a conservative philosophy."

[It would seem] that Mr. Spivack will never be satisfied with government unless government is in a constant turmoil of change. While he doesn't specifically say so, I am strongly inclined to believe that he does not recognize that crises are caused by men, not conditions. . . . He believes further that only the federal government can correct these conditions. It is probably here that his philosophy and mine take off in opposite directions: I feel that man can solve his own problems and, in doing so, can overcome crises and conditions.

Mr. Spivack indicates that Mr. [Herbert] Brownell failed to make something of the Republican Administration. I think Mr. Brownell contributed quite a bit to government and Administration; if he had one weakness, it was that he represented that group of Republicans who feel that a great and dramatic change must take place within the party, namely, to ape the image of its rival. I might comment here, and I challenge Mr. Spivack to contradict this, that every time we have attempted this in Presidential elections we have gone down to defeat. . . .

One parting comment: Mr. Spivack remarks that the "New York Governor demolished the house that Dick has so carefully built." He indicates by this statement that Nixon is a captive of a certain part of the Republican Party. Let me point out that I might be called a member of the same wing of the party to which Mr. Spivack refers, but no one has been more consistent in support of Nixon than I have. I think you will find that more and more Republicans are growing to realize that complete conformity is an impossibility, and that we must accept deviations even though they be against us, if we intend to win elections. . . .

I think Republicanism today is modern. It has provided civil rights, the greatest armed might in the history of the country, a return to fiscal responsibility, and a recognition that centralized government, with its attendant power, is the ultimate evil to all freedoms. That power is the one thing that the Spivacks of the country fail to take into consideration as they proclaim themselves for more and more government spending and government control.

BARRY GOLDWATER
U.S. Senator (Arizona)
Washington, D.C.

Mr. Spivack Answers

Dear Sirs: Unlike Senator Goldwater, I believe the Republicans have suffered many of their defeats because only occasionally — for about three months every four years — do they talk like liberal Democrats. To even the most innocent voter, this quadrennial wooing can scarcely seem the height of political passion.

ROBERT G. SPIVACK
Washington, D.C.

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ployment opportunities and promotions.

6. Authorize the Attorney-General to secure injunctions against any infringement or deprivation of constitutional rights on account of race, religion, or national origin.

The Democratic Midwest Conference took on its new look only after a parliamentary victory by that organization's constitutionalists at a Kansas City gathering in the fall of 1959. Now the conference is a significant edifice on the Democratic Party's landscape and its presence has an effect on state party organizations, on other regional groups such as the Democratic Western Conference, and on the National Party organization. Its members will keep in touch through the Midwest Conference Liaison Committee at the National Convention.

At the national level, perhaps the most significant development has been the maturation of the Democratic Advisory Council. Despite initial rebuffs, the council has gone on to grow. And as things have turned out, it has served consistently as the liberal conscience of the party, issuing over half-a-hundred documents, each swiftly circulating among the nation's political pace-setters. Topics have ranged from Eisenhower's inept handling of the Faubus fiasco to the creation of a National Peace Agency.

IT SEEMS to me that the growth of the Advisory Council and its special committees (at last count there were 225 top-echelon participants) both reflects and encourages the surge of liberalism within today's Democratic Party. National Chairman Paul Butler has announced his intention to ask the convention to endorse the council's many policy proclamations, and make it a permanent party agency. This is the kind of non-spectacular institutionalization of liberalism which counts. It undoubtedly helped generate enthusiasm for the new Democratic Liberal Study Group which was formed in the Congress.

Commentators who point to the party's "Bosses, Bourbon and Brokers" are ignoring our Programs, Policies and Progressivism. Now I recognize that liberalism, like bourbon, can be served in a variety of combinations. Yet the fact that a bow in the liberal direction is part of the toll exacted at the Democratic Presidential gate, indicates to me which segment of our party is on the upbeat.

Let us not despair on the eve of a convention which can culminate in a crucial conquest for the party's programmatic liberals—but will do so only if there is maximum energy and effort directed towards that end.

LIMITATIONS OF DIPLOMACY . . *by J. David Singer*

NOW THAT the hue and cry over the Summit collapse has begun to dwindle, it might be appropriate to see whether any important lessons are to be learned from that disenchanting experience. As might have been expected, each side has laid the blame on the other, primarily because of concern with what has come to be called "world opinion." Furthermore, a staggering number of hypotheses have been advanced by those whose role it is to explain and predict political events. Surprisingly, a considerable number of commentators have shown enough sophistication to suggest that Soviet *domestic* politics may have been the decisive factor. Without denying that other forces may well have been at work, let us look into the possible role which domestic politics may have played on both sides in this and other diplomatic debacles.

I refer to the frequent allusions to Soviet domestic complications as "surprising" because there has always been a tendency, especially in this country, to view the USSR as a monolithic system in which all power lies in the hands of a dictator and his clique. The fact is, of course, that the foreign policy of *all* nations is essentially one of compromise — the result of the pushing and pulling of a multitude of forces, some internal and some external. There may be *less* partisanship in foreign policy-making than in domestic, but partisanship is always present, whether the state be democratic, Fascist, Communist, or feudal.

Domestic forces infringe on diplomacy most obviously in the field of national security. National defense requires money, men and moral support. The people must be persuaded to pay their taxes, enlist in the military services (or accept conscription), acquiesce in governmental encroachment on hitherto private domain, tolerate a diminution of civil liberties, and (more recently) learn to live with an increasingly radioactive atmosphere. Neither Americans nor Russians are born believing that the other represents a threat; this is something that must be learned. And while the learning may be relatively easy, given the universal and eternal tendency toward ethnocentrism, it still must be helped along. This role is performed to a great extent by government, even in societies where the information media are essentially independent of governmental control. After all, the media will give far greater coverage to the utterances of a governmental official than to those of the private citizen; the latter may be more knowledgeable, but he is clearly less "newsworthy." And in the United States, the government has at its command the genteel and informal technique of withholding information from uncooperative and difficult reporters and publishers. Thus, given the need to mold opin-

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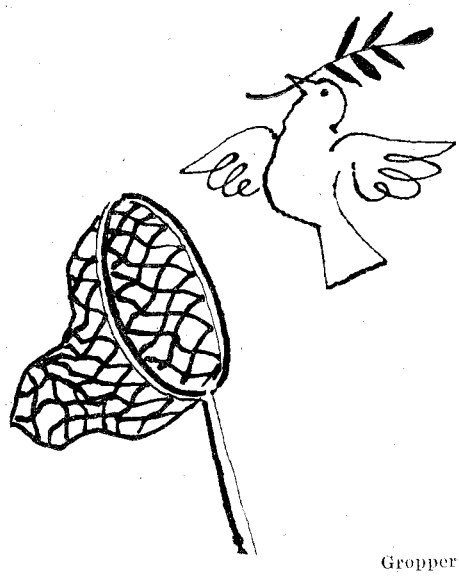
ion and the ease with which it can be done, it is little wonder that national political leaders are engaged in a continuing process of defining and describing the enemy. They can, and must, generate and perpetuate certain levels of tension.

Ultimately, however, this very process backfires, because it leads to dramatic limitations to the flexibility of diplomacy. How, for example, can a statesman make concessions to those whom he has assiduously built up as "imperialist warmongers" or "godless, atheistic international gangsters"? And how can a government compromise with those who represent evil incarnate, whose word cannot be trusted, and whose very existence is a threat to one's own survival? Yet concession and compromise are the very essence of diplomacy. Furthermore, political elites eventually begin to believe their own polemics.

It is little wonder that contemporary diplomacy is characterized by rigid positions, unacceptable demands and conditions, and proposals designed primarily for propagandistic effect. Even when there *is* room for serious negotiation and compromise, the leadership in the opposing states discover that they cannot afford to utilize it. If they do, the public will at the very least begin to wonder, and may even suspect treason in high places. In their preparedness programs, statesmen create a situation from which they effectively cut off any real likelihood of escape.

IN ADDITION to the trap which the elites must create for themselves vis-à-vis public opinion, they are also faced with a somewhat similar one vis-à-vis their domestic political opponents. Whether the opposition be overt (as in most of the Western states) or covert (as in the more autocratic, one-party systems), it is always there, ready to attack. And the opposition's most popular and effective charge is that the incumbents have been "soft" in dealing with the enemy. (This charge, it should be noted, has little to do with political ideology: in the United States, the Democratic Party has attacked Eisenhower in much the same way that the Republicans attacked Truman. Whether the specifics deal with "an inadequate defense budget" or "selling out" at Yalta or Potsdam, the essence of the charge is the same.) Returning to the late and lamented Summit fiasco again, it is worth noting that many experts explained Khrushchev's bellicosity as due primarily to a need to answer those of his Kremlin critics who had charged him with "appeasement." Obviously there were other factors, but high on the priority list of politicians is the passion for retaining power, and



Gropper

there is no reason to believe that the Soviet First Secretary is atypical in this regard.

One of the fascinating aspects of the Paris events of early May is the fact that both Eisenhower and Khrushchev could have strengthened the other's position at home by mutually supportive and conciliatory behavior, but neither could afford to do this without at the same time making himself vulnerable to appeasement charges and thus weakening his own domestic power position. Here, too, statesmen are caught in a trap which renders diplomacy nearly ineffectual.

There is still a third aspect of domestic politics which tends to inhibit imaginative and creative diplomacy. Not only does the generation of mass attitudes of bellicosity, fear and suspicion reduce the flexibility of those responsible for the nation's security, but it tends to silence those *outside* of government who might have a useful contribution to make. In a recently circulated private memorandum, spokesmen for the Republican National Committee noted that criticism of certain Administration policies weakens America's diplomatic position because it tends to encourage the Soviet to exploit aggressively what it sees as American disunity. Tragically, there is a good deal of truth to the allegation; the more domestic criticism there is of a nation's diplomacy and defense policy, the less successful that nation is likely to be in its dealings with others — especially with countries which normally show aggressive tendencies. So, in the name of patriotism and national security, criticism must be muted and infrequent.

TO illustrate this proposition, consider the role of the pacifists in Western Europe, Japan and America today. On the one hand, it can be argued that their growing strength is likely to exercise some restraining influence on overly rigid or bellicose governments. One might argue further that their diagnoses and prescriptions for the prevention of another world war are highly sensible. On the other hand, if their numbers increased too markedly, or their voices clamored too effectively, the governments involved would no longer be in a position to negotiate at all.

If one happens to be a pacifist, this may be a perfectly agreeable state of affairs, but if one is not (and no statesman *can* be under present conditions) then this loss of unity at home imposes a tremendous handicap upon those responsible for national security. A tough opponent cannot fail to exploit another nation's weakness, and disagreement over whether certain "national interests" are worth fighting for is definitely and unmistakably a weakness of the first magnitude.

In such an atmosphere, responsible and thoughtful proposals are likely to be slow in coming and even slower to be heard. But it is a mistake to think that this atmosphere results solely from closed-minded-

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ness or conspiracy on the part of government or society; it is the natural and inevitable outcome of the need of those in power to maintain their authority in order to engage in international relations from a position of relative parity.

IN ADDITION to these essentially internal factors, there are several serious limitations imposed upon diplomacy by the very nature of the international system. This debility is best expressed by the game-theory maxim that "everybody's strategy is everybody else's strategy." What is meant is that the range of alternative behavior for any given player (in this case, the national state) is strongly limited by the behavior of all other players. That is, no state enjoys anything approaching independence (or "sovereignty") in international relations because the actions of other states preclude many alternatives at the very outset.

In a sense, the behavior of all states is very strongly conditioned, if not determined, by the nature of the international system and the norms, mores and expectations which accompanied its development out of fifteenth-century feudalism. One crucial characteristic of that system is the absence of any institution to which states may turn for their protection. The only source of protection for states is their own power, and this power they must everywhere seek to maximize. In turn, power (be it military capability, economic productivity, ideological attractiveness, or what have you) has the peculiar characteristic of being highly relative; it is not measured against some abstract yardstick, but against the power of other states with which it may be in actual or potential competition or conflict. Consequently, every increase in the power of an opposing state or coalition of states is tantamount to a decrease in your own power. The result is that international relations are essentially a continuing struggle for power.

Again, this pursuit of power cannot be traced to the peculiarities of any particular state, or the immorality or incompetence of any given set of leaders. It is a race imposed upon all states and their governments by the terrible realities of the anarchistic international society. To be more specific, I would contend that even if the Soviet Union and the United States had similar political and economic systems, or if both were governed by competent, rational and peace-loving leaders, they would still be involved in serious conflict today. Social disparities and inept leadership merely aggravate a situation inherent in the nature of world politics; and no nation, by itself, seems capable of modifying the characteristics of these politics. One might go a good deal farther and argue that even the two super-powers, given the best of faith and ability, could not together alter the system sufficiently, even though this appears to be the only possible way of preventing World War III.

Diplomacy, then, faces the fact that in order to negotiate and bargain, states must not only have power, but must be prepared to use it. Furthermore, they must be able to persuade the adversary that they are *prepared* and *willing* to use it; otherwise they become susceptible to blackmail and coercion. Brinkmanship is as essential to successful diplomacy in the current international system as bluffing is to successful poker. War is still the final arbiter in inter-nation disputes, and until an acceptable substitute is found, statesmen have no choice but to threaten to resort to it. Tragically, there always comes a time when they have to make good on the threat, and the next time it happens could conceivably be the last.

WHAT I have been trying to say here is that diplomacy is basically inadequate as a means to the peaceful resolution of international conflict. Be it Summit or ambassadorial diplomacy, open or secret, bilateral or multilateral, its limitations are such as to almost guarantee eventual failure. The nature of the international political system is the powder keg, and domestic politics provide the fuse. To lay the blame on a particular state or individual may be politically necessary or emotionally rewarding, but the result is deceptive. Man has, over the centuries, created a nightmare from which he cannot escape by castigating the enemy of the moment or exorcising the immediate evil spirit. He can only end this nightmare by sharply altering the international political system and establishing the institutions of international government.

THE RIGHT THAT FAILED . . *by Roger Kahn*

ACCOUNTANTS are still tabulating, but it now appears that the fight night grossed $4 million, a statistic that assumes meaning when you realize that it is more than most major league baseball teams earn in the course of schedules that run for five months.

The fight, of course, was the heavyweight championship bout at the Polo Grounds between Floyd Patterson and Ingemar Johansson; and it was a fine fight for those of us who enjoy the gaudy atavism of the ring. A brittle glory—the championship—shone in Johansson's face until Patterson threw two rousing left hooks in the fifth round. Then one could only conclude, as brittle as the glory is the face, a conclusion stated some centuries back, unfortunately.

Even before Johansson fell, the excitement of the event charged the warm evening air. Johansson be-

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ROGER KAHN, who has covered sports for many years for the New York press, is now sports editor of Newsweek.

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lieves that sex (or at least women) mixes with training, while Patterson does not, a conflict as exciting as any that sports is likely to produce. It seemed to be a sorry night for sexuality until Elizabeth Taylor appeared in the wings of Johansson's dressing room, shaken to the depths of her cleavage, but bravely saying pleasant things about the beaten man.

Politicians and foreign journalists elbowed each other on the way to ringside and *The New York Times* marked the occasion by assigning Brooks Atkinson, its drama critic, to work among the moths and Western Union teletypes in the press rows. After some discussion with the *Times* copy desk, Atkinson wrote a lead sentence which read, in its entirety, "Golly," then proceeded to an image in which Johansson, who is Nordic, fell like Othello. Someone remarked later that this was close to miscegenation. My own theory is that Atkinson struck the image en route to the ball park, on the assumption that Johansson would win, grew fond of it and wouldn't give it up.

THERE was so much brightness and gaiety and chaos attendant on the fight that almost everyone seems to have forgotten the accountants. But one man who has not is a strange, stumpy fight manager named Constantine D'Amato, who runs Floyd Patterson and who, through him, probably intends to control boxing.

Boxing's choice of the last ten years has been between group or individual monopoly. Until the Supreme Court ruled that the International Boxing Club stood in violation of anti-trust laws, this organization, which did business with hoodlums, was the General Motors of boxing. (And there was neither a Chrysler nor a Ford to compete.) With the dismemberment of the I.B.C., D'Amato appeared—not out of nowhere as has been suggested, but out of a small, dark gymnasium which he operated near Gramercy Park in Manhattan.

D'Amato had the unshakable loyalty of Patterson, champion from 1955 to 1959, and now champion again. Armed with the faith of the best heavyweight in the world, D'Amato began to fight old evils with new evils.

Why had D'Amato languished for so long in the obscurity of his little gym? Because, he told anyone who would listen, he had refused to do business with monopolists and the crooks behind them. Why was his reception by the sporting press mixed? Because, D'Amato said, boxing writers were paid off by the I.B.C. "What I want to do," he said, "is fix it so that managers can match their boys for the highest bidder. That's the American way."

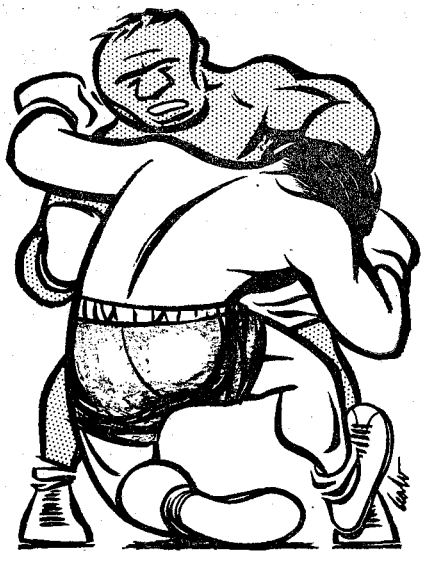
AT THE outset, this campaign was above serious criticism, although obviously D'Amato was honestly disliked by some reporters who had never taken a dime or a Scotch and water from the I.B.C. I suppose an anarchist might have carried it off. Woefully, D'Amato is no more of an anarchist than Richard M. Nixon.

He began his private drive to heal boxing's ills by preparing a blacklist. Every fighter or manager who had been controlled by the I.B.C. made the list and, D'Amato announced, Patterson would not fight anybody listed. Since the I.B.C. had been so powerful, this included every competent heavyweight.

Patterson first defended his title against a harmless, borderline defective named Tommy (Hurricane) Jackson, who liked to hear the Bible read to him before he fought. Then Patterson fought an amateur named Pete Rademacher, pushed into the ring by a group of white supremacists from Georgia. Next there came a peaceful Texas school teacher named Roy Harris, a gentle Englishman named Brian London and, finally, Johansson.

Until Johansson beat him in June, 1959, Patterson defeated his screened opposition easily. "I got bored with them myself," he now concedes. At the same time, D'Amato devoted himself to a middleweight and a light heavyweight, in an effort to develop further champions for himself. It was a wild, implausible scheme, the sort a man might dream up in a dark gym, watching unknowns spar and worrying about the money for dinner.

But the principal trouble with the



D'Amato master plan was not implausibility. It was that his scheme was no more sensible, and perhaps no more honest, than the I.B.C.'s. His handling of Patterson bored more people than the fighter. Fewer than 20,000 tickets were sold when Patterson fought Johansson in June, 1959. When Johansson won, D'Amato lost his weapon; and investigatory groups, spotting a sitting duck, began firing. A Congressional subcommittee, New York District Attorney Hogan and the New York State Athletic Commission all began investigating boxing at the same time. After some months, it turned out that a suspected mobster had helped bankroll the first Patterson-Johansson fight, and further that D'Amato had forced a strange contract on Johansson as a price for a crack at the championship. Under duress, Johansson had agreed to give one of D'Amato's associates 10 per cent of his earnings for the next five years.

THE NEW YORK commission revoked D'Amato's license to manage and a court fined him for refusing to answer a subpoena during Hogan's portion of the probe. The hard-bought dream of Cus D'Amato seemed to be shattered and few boxing fans cared or noticed. Johansson, a poised and charming man, was the center of attention in the year between the two fights.

What has changed now? First, boxing is back as a big business. An early estimate is that 490,000 Ameri-

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cans paid an average of $5 each to see closed-circuit TV of the fight. It will stay big business for a while because the third Patterson-Johansson fight may draw even more than the second. Next, D'Amato is back in power. The New York commission won't discuss what it will do if D'Amato demands his license back as a price for giving the next fight to New York. Finally, D'Amato returns twice as angry as before, when he was already too angry for most tastes.

He has plans for exacting vengeance on his oppressors, real and imagined, which presumably will include more contracts under duress. He no longer talks of establishing a utopia for fighters and fight managers. His campaign now seems designed solely to restore the power and the glory of D'Amato.

A victim of all this is Patterson, a likable, fluent twenty-five-year-old who suffered from serious emotional disturbances as a boy and who found in D'Amato a man willing to befriend and teach him. There has been some speculation in newspapers that Patterson now will emerge as his own man, his own boss, but one incident at a recent press conference makes me wonder.

Patterson was sitting on a dais, D'Amato beside him, when a reporter asked, "Who's the man behind Floyd Patterson?" The answer came, "Floyd Patterson."

You had to be looking hard to notice that just before Floyd spoke, Constantine D'Amato whispered two words into his ear, and you had to be sitting in the first three rows to overhear the words. They were, of course, the same two words with which Patterson answered the reporter.

QUANDARY OF THE SOUTHERN DEMOCRATS

NO PLACE TO BOLT . . *by George McMillan*

NOT SINCE the Democratic Party returned to power in 1932, to give the South disproportionate influence in national party politics, has that peculiar region had so little to bargain with as it does on the eve of the 1960 Democratic convention. In fact, the South this year has no place to bolt.

Southern political leaders are of course doing everything they can to keep this distressing fact a secret. They've spent a great deal of time in the past few months smoke-screening their vulnerable position and they will, as usual, make their supreme effort at camouflage at the convention itself.

People like Johnson, Talmadge, McClellan, Russell, Byrd — these and many others like them in the South are politicians' politicians, and if past performances prove anything, this astute crew, bargaining power or no bargaining power, will bring off deals that would put the first Rockefeller (the dime-giver) to shame. By their acknowledged skill, bluff and bravado, they may very well make civil rights the major issue of the convention and even force on the party a compromise that could, in turn, fatally compromise its candidate in the election. Whatever happens, these Southerners are almost certain to dramatize their alleged regional "differences" and "customs" to the point where these will become a major preoccupation of the great national party in which their own membership has been whimsical and not too dependable.

The South's hope for a commanding position from which to bargain with the national party (or, as some prefer to put it, to blackmail it) has been steadily going to pot. Ever since the 1956 convention, one event has followed another to make it apparent to professionals that the South's support could only embarrass a national party. Some have made no beans about their contempt for the South. Nixon, for example, has openly wooed the Negro vote. This, much more than the ostensibly detested action by Mr. Eisenhower in sending troops to Little Rock, closed the Republican Party as an avenue to almost all Southern politicians.

As the ranks of Democratic hopefuls thinned out, the South found itself left with Lyndon Johnson, the Texas parliamentarian. And he produced a nervous moment when he insisted that the Senate pass a civil-rights bill. Southern newspapers quickly piled on him, only to be reassured by such trustworthy Confederates as Talmadge and Thurmond that Cousin Lyndon (and the bill) were really all right.

No sooner had the South settled on Johnson than it began to appear that the Senate Majority Leader was being clobbered by Kennedy in the pre-convention contest for delegates. Any hope of disaffection from Johnson to Kennedy was ended on June 23, when the Massachusetts Senator told the Liberal Party of New York that he hoped to win the nomination "without a single Southern vote in the convention." At the same time he issued a statement calling for the kind of Presidential leadership that would give "every American, of every color and faith, equal access to all of American life — and that means equal access to the voting booth, to the school room, to jobs, to housing and to the lunch counters."

A few days later, a spokesman in Kennedy's office told an inquirer that it was "too late for Southern support to be effective for Kennedy. The essential weakness of the Southern position," said this Kennedy worker, "is going to be more apparent at this convention than it has ever been before."

GEORGE McMILLAN, Southern-born, has spent most of his professional life as newspaper man and political commentator in that region.

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"It looks like the stronger Kennedy gets," said a Southern politician, "the more eager he is to get the South off his back."

WITH THE South's relations with the candidates far from promising, things at home, internally, are not too hopeful, either. As far as a walk-out — the usual threat — is concerned, the chances for anybody's doing that seem slim. "Mississippi's Democratic bark will turn out to be louder than its bite in the upcoming national convention," wrote Kenneth Toler, a political writer, in the June 26 Atlanta *Journal-Constitution*. "There is little chance of a walk-out and less of a bolt, according to those in the know. That doesn't mean there won't be a lot of oratorical smoke, but the fire just won't be there. In the end, Mississippi will go down the line — regardless of the platform and the candidates."

Alabama is badly split, to say the least. Its Governor Patterson is staunch for Kennedy, but when it came time to vote for electors, the state's voters split the ticket, electing six "free" Dixiecrat electors and five "loyal" ones. "The essential meaning of the electors' contest," wrote Grover Hall, editor of the Montgomery (Ala.) *Advertiser*, "is that no major diversion of Democratic electors threatens the Democratic nominee in the Southern states."

Of all the Southern states which might bolt, only South Carolina is still openly talking about the possibility. That state's Governor Hollings told reporters at the end of June that if it were true that Senator Johnson "kept a severe civil-rights measure from passing," nevertheless "we see that Ladybird (Mrs. Johnson) is building herself up as another Mrs. Roosevelt by holding a (racially) mixed gathering in Texas."

But the bolting, if any, may be done in the other direction — to get on Kennedy's bandwagon. When Governor Vandiver of Georgia called on his delegates to remain uncommitted or resign, one of them, J. W. "Taxi" Smith, secretary of the state Ports Authority, and a worker for Kennedy, stepped down. "You don't expect me to get off a horse when he's forty lengths ahead, do you?" he wrote Vandiver.

Noting that Georgia's thirty-three votes will probably go for Johnson, political writer Charles Pou of the Atlanta *Journal* said the votes "will be accorded to him with all of the enthusiasm of a small boy kissing an aunt in front of other small boys."

Things reached the discouraging stage at one point this spring when some Georgians tried to roll out their favorite son, Herman Talmadge, as a candidate. According to the newspapers, this was admittedly "an effort to gain bargaining power for the Southern position on civil rights and other matters." Talmadge, whose grip on Georgia today is as tight as his father's (Old Gene's) galluses were loose, threw cold water on his friends.

In desperation, one leading Southern states'-rights spokesman, attorney Charles Bloch of Macon, Georgia, called for help from former President Truman. "Only a man of Truman's stature in the party could exert his influence to tone down the civil-rights plank," UPI quoted Bloch as saying. "Southern members of the committee do not have enough power to influence the group."

BUT THOSE who know the South understand that the area's bargaining strength has not been based on naked power. The most dangerous thing the national party could do is count the South out before the convention. The logic of events may suggest that the South has no place to go at Los Angeles except along with the party's nominee and the party's platform, but the South has seldom been logical in politics. It has excelled in making its often irrational position seem logical.

A good example of the South's ability to make its "case" is its

Herblock: St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"Who has who in the bag?"

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threat to use "free electors" to swing the election in the Electoral College. This is an old Southern dodge that grows out of the possibility that the South, if it could hold its sixty-nine Presidential electors (in seven states) together at the meeting of the Electoral College, might throw the election (if it was close enough) whichever way the South chose. The mathematical probability of this happening is so remote that it would take an electronic computer to work it out. The surprising thing is that, nevertheless, this threat has been taken seriously by some of America's most sophisticated publications and commentators. Ralph McGill, publisher of the Atlanta *Constitution*, attacked the free-elector plan as "vindictive, spiteful, and without political morality." But, none the less, he went on to discuss it, and thus dignify it. *U.S. News and World Report* devoted a special article to the plan in March, inaccurately called it "new," and said that with it the South might bargain successfully for its "No. 1 aim" — appointment of a U.S. Attorney General "who is friendly to the South." *The New York Times* has twice explained the system and the threat — once in an Arthur Krock column, and once in its weekly news review.

As the convention approaches, it becomes increasingly hard to take this Southern shenanigan seriously. But that it was taken seriously at all illustrates a fundamental truth about Southern political strategy, and proves that some other stratagem, or stratagems, will be devised by convention time.

FOR THE FACT is that Southern politicians must do something. They have fought one of the most successful rear-guard actions in the history of modern politics, and a great deal of their success can be laid to the fact that they have been able to fight on their own ground. From Reconstruction until, well, yesterday, Southern politicians have been able to see that the national debate on race was conducted in terms of the South's own polemic, often in the face of overwhelming odds of law and logic.

One of the ways they have done this is by setting up straw men, like the free-elector system. Another is by presenting the South to the nation as a cohesive social and political unit. If they do nothing else at the convention, they must prove that there is *a* South where all the "good people" agree on things, on what they often call "the Southern way of life." These Southern politicians must represent themselves as the embattled representatives of a put-upon, misunderstood people. Unlike politicians from other areas, whose problems of representing their constituents may change from day to day, Southern politicians have basically only one job: to preserve the racial *status quo* openly, and the still generally reactionary economic *status quo* indirectly.

If it seems necessary to them, the Southerners will not stop short of political murder; they would be ready, quite literally, to destroy the Democratic candidate's hope of victory. When Southern Democratic pressure convinced Stevenson that he ought to take a "moderate" stand on race in the 1956 campaign, the loss of Negro votes then was probably not critical. In the foreseeably close campaign between the probable candidates, Nixon and Kennedy, a "moderate" stand by Kennedy during the campaign might lick him. To Negroes, Kennedy is already suspect on the civil-rights issue, while at the same time Nixon's record has already caused him to receive the virtual endorsement of Roy Wilkins, NAACP executive secretary.

But to come forward with a strong civil-rights platform that would attract Negro voters, Kennedy will have to resist some of the most adroit and persuasive politicians on the American scene today, and to turn his back on what seems to be a whole region that is "solidly" in support of his party.

LETTERS

(*Continued from inside front cover*)

property resulting from the police brutality should make it clear how barren were police charges that the students began the "riots."

The fact that the students have been cleared, however, should not allow anyone to conclude that the case is over. One student still remains to be tried on charges of hitting an officer; his defense will be expensive. Moreover, there are still costs outstanding for bail bonds. In addition, a number of students were badly hurt in the police charge and their medical costs must be met.

The Students for Civil Liberties at the University of California, Berkeley, has succeeded in raising $1,500 in student donations so far. More is needed. Checks or money orders should be made out to Students for Civil Liberties—Defense Fund, and sent to Professor Edward W. Barankin, Honorary Treasurer, Students for Civil Liberties, 20 Highland Blvd., Berkeley, California.

JEAN SAVIN

Oakland, Calif.

Wrong Battleground

Der Sirs: The article by Leo J. Linder in your issue of May 28 provided an excellent analysis of the various proposals for meeting the serious problem of providing adequate medical care for our aged population.

Yet we balk at his conclusion. One has to ask whether Mr. Linder is interested, first, in better medical care for the aged, or is he interested in establishing a new principle? . . .

We see no reason why Mr. Linder's principle, which applies to all social security, should be fought out over health care of the aged. Mr. Linder does not need to be reminded that the vast majority of people, and groups, accept the contributory compulsory-insurance system of social security, and that only a minority, at this time, support the principle of government responsibility and equalization. Mr. Linder should fight his battle on the whole social security system, not on health care for the aged.

The Physicians Forum, an organization of doctors which has been working for twenty years to improve and extend medical care for all our citizens, takes the position that a good bill is possible, at this time, only if based on the social security system.

EDMUND M. BRAUN, M.D.
Secretary, Physicians Forum

New York City

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Magazines Turned to Books

THE DIAL. Number 1. 160 pp. Number 2. 126 pp. Dial Press. $1.50 each. Paper.

NEW WORLD WRITING 16. J. B. Lippincott Co. 286 pp. $3 cloth; $1.45 paper.

THE NOBLE SAVAGE. Number 1. Meridian Books. 255 pp. $1.50. Paper.

Lloyd Zimpel

THE PUBLISHER of a literary magazine is apt to feel bereft when his creation goes the way of yesterday's newspaper. To rise above the status of newsstand ephemera, therefore, he is now giving his product a more and more solid look. Although still in paper covers (with one, at least, available in boards), the publications increasingly have the appearance of books — substantial price; sturdy, well-designed format; nice heft in the hand; extravagant jacket blurb. A well-bound, $1.50 book, whatever the durability of its contents, asks for a spot on the book shelf. Immortality enough.

Not surprisingly, the cost of producing 250 or more pages in book format has put the giant literary periodical into the only hands that can afford it—those of the more enlightened publishing houses. The New American Library, which brought out fifteen numbers of *New World Writing* before dropping the series in 1959, established important ground. Other publishers joined, some abortively: Doubleday with *Anchor Review,* Pocket Books with *Discovery,* Noonday with *Noonday. Evergreen Review* from Grove Press did most to define the field. That field is, in the broadest sense, introduction to a good-size audience of vital, experimental works that fail the test of the academic quarterlies; and, in a narrower sense, the exhibition of the less-than-book-length work from authors in the publisher's own stable.

The advantages of publication in this book format—aside from presumed permanence in the reader's library and a longer selling life on bookstore shelves than most magazines enjoy—are, first of all, sufficient space to permit publication even to the orphan short novel, and secondly (what editors take enormous pleasure in announcing), greater freedom in treatment and subject.

Wisest editors announce least: in the most recent group of publishers' book-magazines, editorial statements, if not wholly absent are fairly temperate, as befits the comfortably rich look of the pages on which they appear. These latest publishing house ventures are *The Dial,* a quarterly, after thirty years revived from its distinguished past by the Dial Press; *New World Writing 16,* which J. B. Lippincott Company now issues after the previous publishers dropped the series, reportedly a commercial success, with a few words implying that they had sufficiently popularized *avant-garde* writing; and *The Noble Savage,* a new semi-annual collection from Meridian Books.

Heartening as is the mere simultaneous appearance of these new publications (and with a number of recent magazine revivals, notably *The Transatlantic Review* and *Story,* the literary scene is brightened still more), the nature of their contributions provides its own delights: fiction greatly predominates, poetry appears in fair amounts; most important, it becomes apparent in these pages that the taste for literary criticism as a staple item in literary periodicals has palled. Except for *The Dial,* which reprints in its first number T. S. Eliot's 1923 review of *Ulysses,* and except for Diana Butler's ingenious piece of earnest butterfly detection in "Lolita Lepidoptera" in *New World Writing 16,* there is a promising absence—or perhaps only an appropriate balance at last—of tiresome literary poking by what Nelson Algren in his *Dial* story "Ding-Ding . . ." calls the "footnote kings."

TO BE SURE, we are furnished with a substitute: a kind of socio-cultural criticism, examples from "the industry of writing about mass culture," that Herbert Gold mentions in his essay in *The Noble Savage,* "How to Tell the Beatniks from the Hipsters." Gold's piece itself fits this category, as do two others in the issue: Harold Rosenberg's essay on the middle class, and Harvey Swados' article on some matters connected with the first Patterson-Johansson match; and, in *New World Writing,* Kingsley Amis' article on Britain vs. the U.S. as a place to live and work is another example.

This brand of cultural analysis, absorbing in itself, but generating more self-consciousness than some of us know how to handle, is found, properly muted and transformed, in the fiction as well. While *The Dial* offers no overt essay of this nature, it does contain the single most stimulating example of fiction taking off from the same foundations. Thomas Berger, in the second number, writes zestfully in "Reinhart Goes to Work," of a young man fumbling his way into a woolly world of commerce. This excerpt from Berger's novel in progress, along with Algren's sportive account of lunch with a footnote king, is the best of *Dial's* first two numbers —if we discount Sherwood Anderson's raggedly powerful "The Door of the Trap," reprinted from *The Dial* of 1920. Among the other contributors to these two numbers are Vance Bourjaily, Herbert Gold, Albert J. Guerard and Philip Roth: they submit excellent comments on individuals, each isolated in his own sad way; but no one of their contributions engages itself with reality quite so heartily as does the work of Berger or Algren.

SUCH hearty engagement is still less characteristic of the fiction in *New World Writing 16* which, under its new sponsor, proclaims friendliness toward the unestablished writer. There is less of the *World* in this issue than was previously the case—Kingsley Amis' "You That Love England" is the single foreign contribution. All told, there is less of excellence, too. "The Credance Table," by Jack Richardson, builds some good things upon the irony of the life-death cycle, but is finally an airless and remote fable: Judson Jerome, whose concern in "You Have to Draw a Line Somewhere" is similar to Richardson's, skillfully constructs a cool and direct little story of two laboratory workers faced with killing a supposedly tubercular monkey. Tillie Olsen's long story, "Tell Me a Riddle," is one other worthy piece—an evocative story of age, grandparenthood, cancer, death.

There is no "new" writer between *New World Writing's* prosaically designed covers who does not in one way or another stir interest. Their themes are the big sober ones—death (again and again), suicide; and there is no lack of skill—perhaps, to speak in roughest

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LLOYD ZIMPEL has contributed to the Chicago Review, *the* New Mexico Quarterly *and other critical journals. He lives in San Francisco.*

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generalities, an overabundance of it: the precision is exhausting.

This is not the case with the contributions to *The Noble Savage*. With an editorial line-up that all but monopolizes the younger major writers, the quality of this first issue is on almost all counts first rate. When it is not, there is still enough professional cleverness and gloss to dazzle.

"And Hickman Arrives," by Ralph Ellison (a contributing editor), has in part the exciting hallucinatory characteristics that marked memorable scenes in his novel *Invisible Man*: this story of a Negro evangelist and his white Christ-child protégé partakes of a "Southern school" air—but the better to establish favorable points of comparison. An excellent poem, "Life Cycle of Common Man," comes from Howard Nemerov; another is by John Berryman (a contributing editor). "The Self-Made Brain Surgeon" by Mark Harris has individuality and a sharp modern ring. Jack Ludwig, who, with Saul Bellow and Keith Botsford, edits the periodical, contributes "Confusions: Thoreau in California," which is frequently and pointedly amusing. Yet one's primary interest focuses on a brief story, a concentrated blend of style and violence called "Cowboys," by Edward Hoagland.

Like *The Dial, The Noble Savage* promises in each issue to reprint a worthwhile piece from the past, although, unlike *Dial,* the editors are not limited to their own back issues. The current "Ancestors" selection, an 1890 essay by Samuel Butler, "Ramblings in Cheapside," seems less a reminder of better days than a flavorful part of the present whole. In a magazine there might be no space for this reaching back into the past, but in the 255 pages of a book it offers no problem.

Whatever their minor differences, these new publications have important similarities, the most impressive of which is the rich fatness their publishing houses have settled upon them, and which serious short prose feeds on all too seldom. Now it remains for them to receive a welcome loud enough to be heard well outside their own editors' offices—for potentially there are as many such excellent publications as there are successful publishing houses.

The Soldier in Society

THE PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER: A Social and Political Portrait. By Morris Janowitz. The Free Press. 464 pp. $6.75.

Louis Morton

ONE would have thought that the sociologists, with their interest in large organizations and social institutions, would have been fascinated by the military establishment and that there would be an extensive sociological literature on all phases of military life. Unfortunately this is not the case. In an effort to interest sociologists in the subject, the Russell Sage Foundation commissioned Morris Janowitz, a professor of sociology at the University of Michigan, to explore this problem. The result was a little book entitled *Sociology and the Military Establishment* (1959) appraising the work of sociologists in the military field and suggesting further lines of inquiry.

The Professional Soldier is in a sense a sequel to *Sociology and the Military Establishment* and represents Janowitz's own effort to explore the problems raised by the earlier book. In doing so he has produced a comprehensive study of the military establishment, a sociological and political analysis of the impact of technology, new weapons systems and changes in warfare on the organization and ideology of the armed forces. The book is also the biography of a profession in its organizational setting, a fascinating portrait that explains much in the behavior of the military that civilians often find puzzling.

The first part of the study treats the armed forces as a social organization and analyzes the way in which authority is exercised, the rise of military management, the social and ethnic composition of the services, career patterns and motivations, the rise in hierarchy, the elite as a center of power, and the military style of life. The most significant conclusion to emerge from this analysis is that the organizational and technological revolution of recent years has led to the emergence of the military manager. This new leader, says Janowitz, is the true professional in modern war. With close links to civilian society and a deep appreciation of the complex technology required to support the military establishment in the nuclear age, he has both the ability and the knowledge to deal with its internal tensions and the strategic problems of the cold war.

Historically, the dominant military type has been the heroic leader, the warrior who embodies the military virtues — martial spirit, personal valor, devotion to duty and dedicated service to the nation. The military technologist, descendant of the first artillerists and engineers, has assumed increased importance as the conduct of war has become increasingly complex. But neither he nor the heroic leader possesses the skills and outlooks of the manager. Actually all three are essential to the military establishment, and it is Janowitz's contention that the needs of the nation are best served when the roles of the three groups are in balance.

FULLY half of *The Professional Soldier* is devoted to an analysis of the ideology, political beliefs and behavior, and external relations and pressure tactics of the military. Like Samuel Huntington (*Soldier and the State*, 1957), Janowitz finds the military elite, which is drawn largely from native Anglo-Saxon, Protestant, rural, upper-middle-class background, to be politically conservative in outlook and dedicated to maintaining the *status quo*. But this conservatism, which seeks to preserve values held in high esteem by the military, is often critical of civilian conservatism. Thus, though the military believe strongly in the preservation of private property, they do not glorify the profit motive or identify themselves closely with the goals of the business community. Stressing the military virtues, they are frequently critical of contemporary American society and the emphasis on materialistic values. And since the military are accustomed to long-range planning and bureaucratic solutions, their political conservatism does not extend to a distaste for government control; many high-ranking officers participated actively and approvingly in agencies established under the New Deal.

The unity of the military does not extend to doctrine, i.e., how to use force for political ends. Here Janowitz finds the military split into two opposing groups, the absolutists and the pragmatists. Each has its own theory, its image of the world and especially the enemy, a clear conception of national goals and a military strategy for achieving these goals. The absolutists believe that the objectives of war are to be gained only by victory — the more complete the victory, the more certain

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LOUIS MORTON, recently appointed Professor of Military History at Dartmouth College, was for a dozen years with the Office of Military History, U.S. Army. He prepared Fall of the Philippines *and* Strategy and Command: The First Two Years *in the official series on World War II.*

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the result; the pragmatists, that force is but one way of achieving political ends and its use must be adapted to the end in view. Janowitz identifies the former with the advocates of massive retaliation, a counterforce strategy and an orientation toward Asia. They tend to ally themselves with strategic bombardment and with heroic leaders like MacArthur, Le May and Wedemeyer, to be extremely conservative in their politics, critical of America's China policy and the conduct of World War II. The pragmatists, on the other hand, espouse a finite strategy and graduated deterrence, stress the necessity for a limited war capacity and display an orientation toward Europe. Their personal loyalties are to General Marshall and his heirs, and their strongest advocates are to be found in the high command of the Army.

PROFESSOR JANOWITZ'S distinction between absolutists and pragmatists, which some will find an over-simplified picture of a series of complex relationships and competing strategies, sets the stage for his discussion of interservice rivalry, military relations with Congress and the Executive and efforts to shape public opinion. In the final chapter he considers the future of the military profession in the United States. What it needs is a new set of self-conceptions and professional requirements to achieve a balance "between organizational stability and adaptation to rapid technological and political change." These requirements, he believes, could best be met if the military adopted the constabulary concept and transformed itself into a constabulary force. According to Janowitz, "the military establishment becomes a constabulary force when it is continuously prepared to act, committed to the minimum use of force, and seeks viable international relations, rather than victory because it has incorporated a protective military posture."

It is doubtful that the military profession will find this prescription for reform practicable or palatable, especially since the police function enjoys little prestige or status among the military. Still, it is a challenging proposal and, like everything else Janowitz has to say about the armed forces, displays a deep understanding of the military profession, of its internal pressures, its organizational problems and its relations with the rest of society.

LETTER from VIENNA

Leo Lania

THE CITY that Mr. Khrushchev has been visiting is more beautiful than ever. It is also a study in contradictions. The palaces along the *Ring* have regained their ancient, somewhat austere, nobility; the *Opera* and the *Burgtheater,* rebuilt exactly as they appeared in the days of the Emperor, have the added advantage of modernized stages hardly surpassed anywhere in the United States or elsewhere in Europe. The rejuvenated *Innere Stadt*—the city's center—with its crooked streets and alleys, churches, squares, courts and unexpected steps, is an enchanting Baroque jewel. The shops on the Kaerntnerstrasse and Graben are as elegant as any on the Rue de la Paix, and their show windows prove that the products of Austria's industry and handicraft can match the best in Paris, London or Rome. The streets are miraculously clean; flowers are everywhere; the parks are lovingly groomed to the last leaf and blade of grass.

Behind this façade of prosperity, the majority of Viennese live in very humble circumstances. A private bathroom is still a great luxury. Partly because rents are low, landlords refuse to modernize the old houses. Wages are also very low, and while workers are somewhat compensated by various forms of social insurance, the pinch is painful for the mass of small officials, *rentiers* and, especially, the intellectuals.

But worse than the material hardships is the cultural sterility of a city once renowned as a center of ideas and art. True, theatres and concert halls are sold out daily; due to a system of subsidies by city and state, tickets are cheap. But for their repertory, the theatres must rely on the classics, on American, British and French authors, and on the Austrian playwrights who flourished in the twenties. The small *avant-garde* theatres and cabarets, once noted for the courage and wit with which they exposed the shabby values, the deceptions and hypocrisies, of public life and politicians, today specialize in Ionesco and Beckett. Austrian steel, leather goods and textiles are first rate; but in the arts, not a single new author, composer or painter of any merit

LEO LANIA, a European-born journalist, novelist and playwright, has spent many years in Germany and Austria.

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has come to the fore. Even Vienna's newspapers, once the best and liveliest on the Continent, are provincial.

THIS contrast between the outward appearance of a cosmopolitan city and the provincial aspect of its cultural life is the main characteristic of today's Vienna. The city closes down after dark; at 11 o'clock most street cars and buses come to a standstill. There are still the coffee houses; but the artists, writers and journalists who once transformed them into centers of literary and intellectual activity are gone. For the most part, their bodies are rotted in the pits of Dachau, Buchenwald and Auschwitz. For the truth is that what has been called Viennese art and culture was to a great extent the work of Jews—from Sigmund Freud to Gustav Mahler, from Arthur Schnitzler and Hugo von Hofmannsthal to Max Reinhardt, Arnold Schoenberg and Bruno Walter. And even more significant than their role as creative artists, was the role of Jewish business and professional men in sponsoring and supporting the arts and the intellectual tradition. They were the ingredient necessary to blend the many races and classes of the Empire: the already declining aristocracy, the burgeoning liberalism of the middle class, the revolutionary *élan* of the workers. Today the aristocrats have become business promoters and public relations men, and both liberalism and revolution are words from the past.

In a sense, Vienna has merely come into its own. For the *petit bourgeois*—servile, avaricious, mean-spirited, ignorant and prejudiced—has always been the dominant factor in this city, and is more representative of the Austrian national character than either the thin upper crust of intellectuals and artists or the Social Democratic workers, whose flashes of heroism never really ignited the country. Austria was ripe for Hitler, who took it, almost literally, by telephone; and those today who so readily accept the Austrian claim that Nazism was imposed on this country by the force of German arms forget that Nazism was born here, in Vienna, long before Hitler came on the scene, and that the enthusiasm with which the "little man" of Vienna participated in Nazi atrocities could not be matched in Berlin, Frankfurt or Munich.

Today, of course, the Austrians hide behind their contention that theirs had been an "occupied country"; they deny all guilt. Unlike the Bonn government's restitution policy which, for all its inadequacies, goes some way to meet the demands of justice, Austria's is niggardly in the extreme. At best a Jew or other victim of Nazism who has survived a concentration camp, and can prove that every member of his family perished at the hands of the Nazis, can receive a maximum compensation of $2,000. Most are fortunate to get as much as $500. And meanwhile Jewish organizations ask in vain for a just settlement of an estimated $200 million in former Jewish-owned property which remains unclaimed in Austria because there are no surviving heirs.

IT MAY seem an anomoly that a government in which the Social Democrats occupy some of the most important posts shows so little concern for the victims of Nazism, and fails to take a strong stand against Hitler's followers. The explanation lies in the present unique political structure of the country.

In every election since World War II, the leftist Social Democrats and the rightist People's Party have split the votes about evenly. So, for the last fifteen years, Austria has been ruled by a coalition. The ministries are divided equally: where the chief is a People's Party member, his deputy must be a Social Democrat, and vice versa.

The coalition has no opposition to speak of. The Nationalists, successors of the Nazis, constitute only a small faction; the Communists are no more than an insignificant splinter group. But if the coalition has secured for Austria continuous Parliamentary stability and economic peace, this has been paid for with an unhealthy political conformity. The two major parties have divided between themselves not only government posts, but also their economic patronage. In the nationalized industries, in state and city banks, in radio and public utilities, even in all the major private enterprises, most jobs are divided equally among the members of the two parties. This has led to a grotesque situation. In order to get a job, you must first show your party card; and those who can manage to do so, secure membership in both parties, announcing themselves as "rightist" or "leftist" according to what the job requires.

Under this peculiar brand of democracy, the two-party system has become a monolithic "patriotic front" which can be maintained only by perpetual compromises—a euphemism for horse trading. And since a few thousand votes can shift the party balance, each party vies for the support of the "independent" votes of the former Nazis, who must on no account be antagonized. So for Austria, the Hitler era has conveniently dropped out of history; the "past" is Empire, not *Anschluss*—the "good old days" when Beethoven walked the streets of Grinzing, Schubert ate his heart out for the girl he could not win, and ballrooms swirled in waltz time. That is the "past" which the Austrian reads about in the press, in magazines, in books.

In general, the Austrian Socialist movement—the movement which produced Karl Kautsky, Victor and Fritz

Surf

Pit
The hoarse voice of the sea
Rusty with gulls
Running skeins of surf
And tangled seines of sculpins, scurfed in sand.
Bunker fragment rocks
Dark with ocean salad
Castings on the sand.
The sea moves on its tumbrils, on to land.

DAVID ROSS

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Adler, Karl Renner and Otto Bauer—has lost most of its revolutionary idealism. The old movement saw in socialism more than higher wages and better working conditions; its leaders dreamed of a higher social order, of elevating the masses to a greater appreciation of art and culture. Today, Vienna's workers—and especially the younger generation—are no different from workers throughout the capitals of Europe. They are more interested in TV, cars, refrigerators and their own particular brand of rock-'n-roll than in ideologies and the intellectual and artistic tradition.

There are exceptions, of course. Bruno Kreisky, Austria's able Social Democratic Foreign Minister, may have discarded the old dogma of socialism, but not its idealism. He is a close friend of Willy Brandt, Mayor of West Berlin, with whom he spent the war years in Sweden in exile, and many of whose ideas he shares. Another idealist is the Social Democrat Christian Broda, the newly appointed Minister of Justice.

Any objective analysis of Austria's political climate must include recognition that, in one respect at least, the country has been ably led: so far, it has charted the difficult course through the cold war with outstanding success. While the country is pro-West, it has maintained correct, even friendly relations with the Soviet Union. Western statesmen could do worse than listen to the counsel of men like Kreisky, probably one of the most knowledgeable diplomats in Europe on Soviet affairs. The burden of dealing with Khrushchev, on the occasion of the Soviet Premier's current visit to Austria, will fall upon this astute chief of the Austrian foreign office.

ART

Maurice Grosser

This is the third of several articles by Mr. Grosser on the museums of the Midwest.

THE KANSAS CITY museum is a spacious, well-designed building in a Neo-Greek style. With the exception of Cleveland, it is the newest and most up-to-date museum of the region—opened to the public, while still unfinished, in 1933 and completed in 1949. Unlike the City Museum of St. Louis, it has no municipal dependence. Its full name—The Nelson Gallery of Art and Atkins Museum—records its origins. And its position as one of the finest art museums in America derives entirely from the generosity and foresight of private individuals.

William Rockhill Nelson, who died in 1915, the museum's founder and chief benefactor, had probably never in his life bought an original picture. Owner and publisher of the Kansas City *Star*, his experience in the arts was limited to collecting books and, after the fashion of a somewhat earlier generation, to acquiring copies of the old masters. But as a cultivated and public-spirited man, he believed that his city should have an art museum, and set up in his will a trust fund for buying works of art. The fund's principal asset consisted of the Kansas City *Star*. This, put up to auction and bought by its own staff, brought $11 million. Other members of Nelson's family, and his lawyer as well, left money and land to provide a building. There already existed in Kansas City another trust for the same purpose, left by Mary Atkins in 1911. The two trusts were put together by their trustees. And with the resulting foundation, the present museum was built and furnished with collections.

Nelson, as a newspaper man, had little confidence in the stability of changing city administrators and made elaborate provisions to protect his museum from local vagaries. He arranged to have at the head of the trust three state university presidents—of Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma—presumably on the assumption that one president might be stupid or venal, but all three could not possibly be. The three presidents were empowered to appoint three acting trustees, the institution's actual heads, who were charged with administering the estate, buying works of art and appointing the museum staff.

THE FORMATION of the collection began in 1930. For assistance and advice in the European field, the trustees engaged Harold Parsons, whose great reputation for taste and acumen allowed him to follow the unheard-of double calling of picture dealer and museum man. The adviser in Oriental art was Langdon Warner, the great Harvard authority. Later, Paul Gardner became director. Laurence Sickman, who spent

President of the United States

. . . the biggest, loneliest job. Early on November 9, one man will know that his is the power, the glory, and the awesome problems. But each of us needs to know these problems to help clear the air of political platitudes in the crucial months ahead. CHESTER BOWLES, foreign policy adviser to Senator John Kennedy, in *Agenda 1961; New Principles for a New Age* perceptively outlines the great questions which immediately will face the President-elect. In the foreword Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt says, "My husband would have enjoyed these lectures for he also became President in a year of great challenge."

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many years in China acquiring objects for the museum's celebrated Oriental collection, succeeded Gardner and is the museum's present director.

If one had money, the depression years were wonderful for buying works of art. And with both money and expert advice, the Kansas City museum acquired some marvelous stuff. Let me list a few of the most striking items:

A portrait head in diorite, noble and sensitive, of a Babylonian king, probably Hammurabi the law giver; an Egyptian Fifth Dynasty portrait statue in wood of a crown administrator, worried and withdrawn, not at all unlike the executive head of some contemporary intellectual publishing concern; two astonishing 17-inch Hellenistic terra cottas of boxers—one a barbarian with a beard and loincloth, the other Greek, nude as was the Greek fashion, and with the heavy long straight hair that is still a characteristic haircut of young Greeks today—in my opinion two of the finest Hellenistic pieces in the world. There are some excellent Roman heads, including both a convincing portrait of Hadrian and a reasonably unidealized Antinoüs; a Coptic candlestick sporting a very unchristian Venus with her make-up kit; along with some of the best examples of Medieval sculpture.

As for painting: a delightful Florentine panel of a timid and retiring *Madonna of Humility* by Lorenzo Monaco; a *Virgin and Child* at home in a Flemish interior on a summer day, by Petrus Christus; a speaking portrait of a young man in a plumed hat by Bronzino; an aristocrat, reserved and watchful, in black, by Titian; a large important Veronese of *Christ and the Centurion,* with fourteen figures in the painter's most mature and sumptuous style; a sulky and sultry young *John the Baptist* by Caravaggio; *The Three Graces* by Cranach, perverse and stylish in their well-groomed nudity; one of the best of all the Greco single figures—a *Trinitarian Monk*—self-possessed and insolent; one of the best of the Goya portraits—*Don Ignacio Omulryan y Rourera,* commanding and withdrawn, Minister for the Colonies under Charles VII, an Irishman, one would suppose, from his name and reddish hair; a late Rembrandt of a youth; a portrait by David of a brooding Creole boy; an Ingres of a young sculptor, romantic and suspicious; and one of the late and most impressive of Cézanne's versions of *Mont Sainte-Victoire.*

THE American collection has exceptional examples of all the eighteenth-century portraitists—Copley, Earl, Stuart and all the rest; Raphaelle Peale's celebrated *After the Bath*—a work which depicts an oil painting of a bather, presumably nude, over which has been hung, for modesty, a draped sheet rendered in the most convincing *trompe l'oeil;* a whole room of portraits and genre pictures by George Caleb Bingham, mid-century painter of the local region; and the finest Catlin in existence, of a fierce little *Indian Boy* got up in war dress.

The Oriental collection is said to be one of the very best in the country. It was apparently assembled at a time when the interest in the field was less general than now, and the entire collection cost the museum less than their Rembrandt and Hobbema together. The group of Chinese sculpture contains some extreme rarities (such as the sixth-century bas-relief from the cave chapel of Lung-men, Honan) and is dramatically lighted and displayed, as is indeed everything else. The collections of Chinese painting and pottery are full of extraordinary examples in all the periods, and so is the Japanese collection.

The Indian collection contains examples of sculpture from all periods, Hindu painting and the interior of a seventeenth-century temple. And the young standing Buddha from sixth-century Siam, in meditation and with melancholy downcast head, strikes me as one of the most touching pieces I have seen. The museum has another display I find particularly engaging—a collection of cages, race tracks, tongs and whips, the complete paraphernalia for the Chinese sport of cricket racing.

ONE CAN SEE from this small listing what extraordinary masterpieces Kansas City has succeeded in assembling. When it came to acquiring contemporary work, however, there was a difficulty. Nelson had drawn up his will very shortly after the Armory Exhibition of 1913 when Modern Art first appeared in America. He must have shared his friend Theodore Roosevelt's suspicion of it, for in his will he had directed that no work should be bought with his bequest before the artist had been dead for thirty years. A museum, none the less, needs contemporary pictures. These were supplied partly by private donation of modern works, but chiefly by the formation in 1934 of a society, The Friends of Art, which has now some thousand members whose contributions provide for the purchase of contemporary pictures. Thus the museum has now a good and growing collection of contemporary European painting and an even more complete American one.

The museum organizes loan exhibitions and puts on an annual show of works—which it offers for sale—of painters and sculptors from the eight Midwestern states. As an educational institution operating in connection with the University of Missouri, it is also empowered to give a master's degree in museum curatorship. It is the only memorial museum I have ever thoroughly approved of. For it is a memorial, not to the donor's power of acquisition and foibles of taste, but to his warm-hearted civic pride and intelligent foresight. Looking at his portrait here by William Merritt Chase, one realizes that Mr. Nelson must have been a very fine man.

GUNNAR MYRDAL
author of *An American Dilemma*
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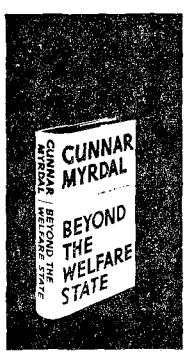

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Kabuki in America

Faubion Bowers

ON the closing night of Japan's Grand Kabuki at the City Center in New York City,* a woman grabbed my arm as I was going to my seat.

"You won't know me."

"Yes?"

"I'm an actress and I want them," she said, waving a hand toward the stage, "to know how much I've learned."

"Why don't you write a letter to the *Times*?" I suggested, helpfully I hope.

"I want *them* to know *too*," and this time, when she waved her hand, it pointed directly at the Kabuki actors. The curtain had been drawn aside and we were standing midway down the center aisle.

"It'll be translated for them. And I'll tell them as well. . . ."

Since the Kabuki actors, for the most part, have been friends of mine for some twenty years, I had occasion to see them a good deal here, and almost every day I was called upon to interpret for one reason or another. There were so many messages of the sort I mention above, particularly from theatre people I do know, that it seemed to me Kabuki in America was having an impact and influence. A relationship and response was springing up, far beyond the normal expectations in a theatrical exchange between nations. There was, again it seemed to me, a significance far beyond the precedented one of hands-across-the-sea and fellow-artist to brother-actor, in many other facts: Irene Worth was seen almost nightly, during the Broadway blackout, sitting alone near the translator's box at Kabuki; Anne Bancroft and Kanzaburo XVII cried a little when the time came to say good-bye at Arnold Shulman's farewell party for the Kabuki stars; Arthur Penn and Shoroku II spent long hours talking theatre, theatre, theatre at Sardi's; the Hallidays (Mary Martin) thanked their friend for bringing the Japanese actors into their lives; Henry Fonda, en route to Hollywood, was late for his only New York dinner with his daughter in order to keep on talking films, films, films with Mr. and Mrs. Shoroku; and Greta Garbo found Utaemon VI "the greatest single theatrical experience of my life," and went backstage, for the first time in her life, to watch him at close hand. All of this was more than society and friendship. For one thing, friendship comes hesitantly with a Japanese, and the Kabuki actors were further restricted in that they had never before been ouside their country.

The salient point of Kabuki's three weeks in New York City, as it now emerges in retrospect, was that underlying the spectator pleasure and underneath the good times at parties was more than a healthy respect, was a learning on the part of our theatre people, actors and directors. It may be years before each one has sorted inside himself exactly what his profit was, and the incorporation of elements from Kabuki may take longer before they are visible in our theatre; but a general broadening was immediate. One night not long ago when a newspaper reporter asked casually if Kabuki could or would have effect on American theatre, Arthur Penn spoke up instantly:

"My next play already has been influenced. *A Death in the Family* doesn't fit a conventional pattern and I've solved the problem by borrowing from Kabuki — within limits, within *our* limits. And," he added determinedly, "if I can't capture the great sense of death that Utae-

*The troupe went on to play in San Francisco and Los Angeles before returning to Japan.

FAUBION BOWERS has for many years lived and traveled in the Orient. He is the author of Japanese Theatre, Theatre in the East *and* Dance in India.

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mon brings to the stage as the bereaved wife in *Chushingura,* I'll be very, very sorry."

On a superficial level, even, Kabuki naturally brings some startling lessons abroad. When Kanzaburo showed a little album of his photographs with pictures of his debut at five, his son's first appearance on the stage a couple of years ago at the age of three, himself as young men, old men, blind men, ugly men, handsome men, commoners and nobles, women and demons, Anne Bancroft was inevitably led to remark sadly that she had had only three roles in four years and this is a mark of her *success.* To this, Kanzaburo commiserated by saying, "And *you* have to create each role out of yourself alone. We have our fathers to teach us, and we can profit by seeing many, many actors in each part long before we are allowed to try on our own." To Americans it was something of a tour de force to see Utaemon appear, within the span of three weeks, as a courtesan, a commoner's wife, a noble woman and a young maiden dancing; or the virile Shoroku as a dancing retainer in one play and shortly after, in another, as a crosspatch wife.

Perhaps the most important aspect of Kabuki in America was the opportunity it afforded our theatre people to see "stylized" theatre. Stylization has for many of us been a word in advanced courses of theatre schools, but Kabuki brought it tangibly to our shores. At important moments when the plot has established the situation, when the actors' lines have conveyed the import of an emotion, then side-singers take over and the actor is freed to "act," to interpret a sublimation of the immediate emotion. This may be no more than a recollection of a past event to heighten the present moment, or a dance-enactment of the more poetic, more charged words of the side-singer. But the intensity of expression through unrealistic, non-literal means made itself felt on even the indifferent spectator.

Those in the rear of the auditorium *felt* the power that has been Kabuki's heritage for more than three centuries, and those in the front seats saw the tears, the real tears that welled up through the composed, concentrated, seemingly artificial formulae of stylization. Even the hard-hearted critic of *Variety* acknowledged the universality of humanity when he witnessed the *harakiri* scene performed in the controlled, mannered formality of ritualism. The depth of emotion communicable through stylization came as a surprise to many, and established a sense of art as art or theatre as theatre in a way that naturalism or realism sometimes, all too often, lacks. The convincing line of Kabuki theatre was not even broken when the stage revolved before our eyes, and little stage attendants dressed in black for "invisibility" rolled up the straw mats and shifted bits of scenery and adjusted star actors' costumes.

WHEN it came to specifics, the Kabuki actors here were of less help to our actors than might have been hoped. At every turn American actors asked them about "preparation." They wanted to know how and by what means or tricks the Kabuki stars got inside their roles before going on stage and so instantly and unflaggingly carried their parts from beginning to end. The answers, while precise for Kabuki, were almost dismaying. Shoroku, the first time he was asked this, answered, "My world is my world; the stage is the stage. I step on the stage and I'm in *that* world." Utaemon usually answered that "Acting starts with dance," implying that once you master dance the problem of preparation doesn't arise. But another time, when the matter was pursued by Frank Corsaro, he said, "When you go to the theatre early, you start putting on your make-up, slowly and quietly, and by the time you are made up, there you are looking at the character in the mirror. You are 'prepared.'"

Each night for three weeks these actors were on exhibition, showing the best of their ability, summoning up from a lifetime's reserves the total of their theatrical resources. It was clear that if we wanted to learn, we could. Then, one night, shortly before the run was over, Shoroku made a little impromptu speech over a drink. The gist of it seemed important to me then, and again now. In between sentences, he paused only long enough for me to translate, and I can't now remember what started it or to whom it was directed. Perhaps he was really only talking to himself, out loud:

> I am a very truthful actor. I feel on the inside and it comes out as honestly as I can make it. I am often discouraged, because often I see the "lie" actor getting ahead—the little hamming up here, the little concession from truth to the lie there. When I came to America I thought I would make a decision as to whether or not to lie a little and brighten up the heavy truth of what I feel and think and perform. We, or at least I, expected America to be a country where truth and lie are expertly blended. I thought I would learn to lie a bit here in art.
>
> But . . . and this is a big "but" . . . I have found nothing but truth here. *Bye Bye Birdie,* which I saw at the Sunday night benefit, has nothing to teach me as an actor, my style is too different from that, but it was *true* . . . true to itself. The lesson I saw at Martha Graham's was true. The exercises I saw at Actors' Studio—whether they were good or not is beside the point—but they were honest. They were true.
>
> And so, I will go back to Japan with a lesson from America: the lie isn't necessary. I'll continue to work only from the center of my conviction.

So, like all international exchanges, the debt is reciprocal. And Shoroku learned without asking a single question. Maybe there is a lesson in that, too.

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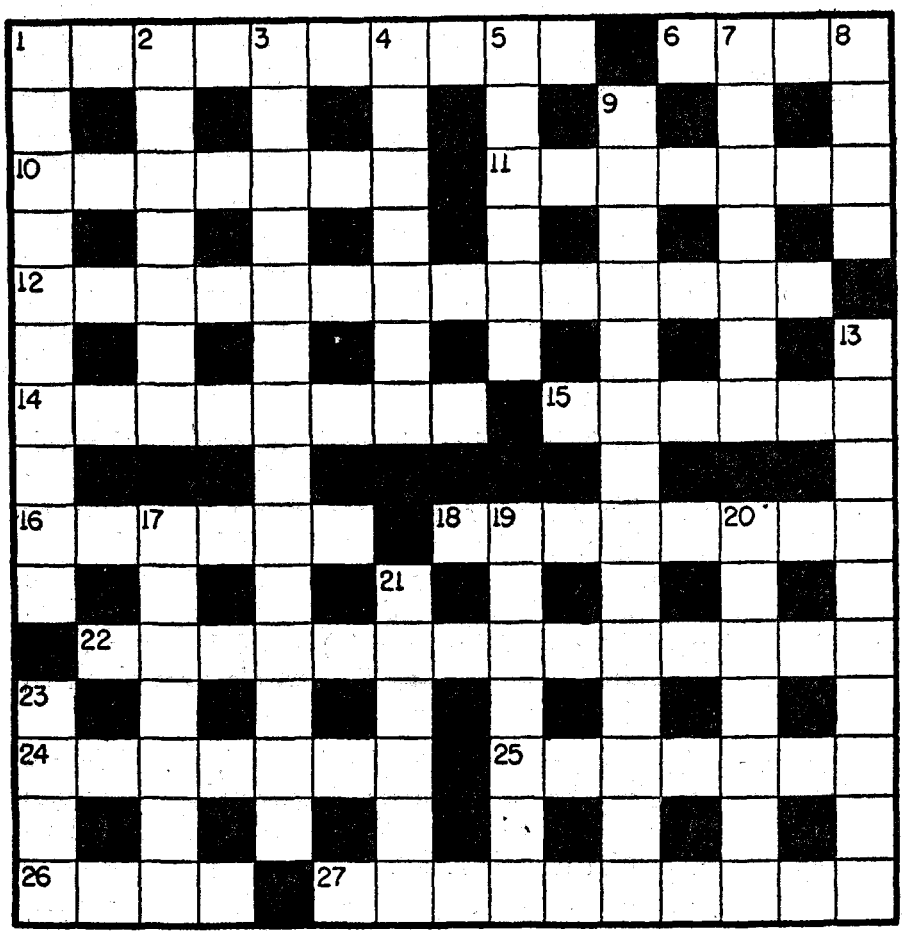
Crossword Puzzle No. 875

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 A rambling tour that goes bad with our old man of song. (10)
6 See 23 down
10 There's charm in the seventh rallying point! (7)
11 Loads piled on when the automobile moves? (7)
12 His men don't necessarily police the area. (7, 7)
14 Was a follower of Mary so embarrassed? (8)
15 The rock of faith in Jerusalem's hill? (6)
16 No longer left in business, if you send things out. (6)
18 No one can say Stokowski isn't! (4, 4)
22 Not quick, according to popular opinion? (4, 2, 3, 5)
24 A star in the guise of a man of craft. (7)
25 Angered by 20? Quite the opposite! (7)
26 Captain and fool, by the sound of it. (4)
27 The man he stars causes a bad disturbance. (10)

DOWN:

1 They might be forgiven for being very out of date in France. (10)
2 The opposite of a challenge wherever you are. (7)
3 Garden variety of show-off? (4,2,8)
4 Place a cap up here, as one sets forth at length. (7)
5 Made by an old man of letters. (6)
7 The way a crop is cultivated in ordinary fashion. (7)
8 Proving an author doesn't go in for a biscuit. (4)
9 Taking on the challenger, perhaps, might be typified by this puzzle—as they are about to confess! (8, 6)
13 In seeing red, I entertain thoughts of an onion in the stew. (10)
17 Taken into the fold? (7)
19 Does this division march on its stomach? (7)
20 Put together a Buffalo home, by the sound of it. (7)
21 By which one sees one car gets wrecked. (6)
23 and 6 They do? I thought they sang in the garden! (8)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 874

ACROSS: 1 Champagne; 6 Caber; 10 Stringing; 12 Ingot; 13 Breve; 15 Altruists; 18 Outspoken; 19 Earns; 20 and 9 Crown derby; 22 and 11 The sooner the better; 25 Sensitive; 26 Cedar; 27 Surge; 28 Dispersal. DOWN: 1 Cadet; 2 Agreement; 3 Payee; 4 Gas attack; 5 Error; 6 Configure; 7 Being; 8 Rightists; 13 Bookcases; 14 Expensive; 16 Tenseness; 17 Serenades; 21 Owner; 22 Third; 23 On cue; 24 Rural.

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